With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.
Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.
1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.
Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*
Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.
Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.
Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?
Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?
Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe,
Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.
Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.
Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.
Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.
Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.
Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

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